



Another London

poems from a city still searching for itself

edited by Andreas Gripp & Carrie Lee Connel

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Carrie Lee Connel & Andreas Gripp, editors

Harmonia Press

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PREFACE

A poetry anthology on London, Ontario, by this city's writers has appeared at various times under various titles undertaken by various editors (books such as *London After Midnight*, *Tear the Rust Off My Heart*, and *Possessions: The Eldon House Poems*, to name a few). But in 2016, during a period when our city continues to expand both in population and in square kilometers, we felt that a present-day collection of what it's like to live as a poet or just a person in "The Forest City" was called for. Whether it's the battle over the Springbank Dam (highlighted in R L Raymond's *Hoping for spring*), everyday driving frustrations (Frank Beltrano's *Car Wars*), a first-hand account of a recent, downtown guerilla poetry reading (as showcased in Stan Burfield's *I am standing on a crate reading Lawrence Ferlinghetti*) or a visit to a variety store of sorts in Historic Woodfield (Wayne Ray's *Hippie Trippie General Store*), *Another London* is a series of conflicts and contrasts, of making sense of the present day while acknowledging there was a previous time when residing here may have been more orderly and was questioned much less. Or perhaps it's a way to understand the dichotomy of the love/hate relationship so many of us have with our current hometown, a city named after one much larger, more glamorous, and with a far richer history than our own. Yet because of our humbler size and standing, we clearly have a unique perspective on the world found nowhere else.

Andreas Gripp / Carrie Lee Connel
Editors, *Another London*



ALAN LEANGVAN

My Forest City

I've lived this life under an acquainted section of sky.
Every teardrop evicted from these eyes
when my heart felt like a broken home.
Every serrated piece of young broken heart
that threatened never to be glued back together
because "she was my world"... at the time.
They all fell towards the same patch of earth.
When lewd or childish jokes summoned laughter
from my lungs,
when my voice fought to recite poetry
without trembling,
it echoed between familiar trees.
Those trees grew tall under that acquainted sky,
dug roots into that same patch of earth,
and held it together like community, like family,
a marriage of life and concrete that I call home.
A Forest City.

London, Ontario, has always been my favourite oddity.
A preferred paradox, my lovable oxymoron.
I could clench my fists, face still red
from whatever tested my young temper,
and start walking.
And like a spell cast from fairy tales,
mortar and scaffolding
would become bush and branch.
The howl of cars becoming faint yawns
in the wind,

fading much faster than my youthful angst.
Houses of wood, and trees of steel.
Lively pavement and silent wilderness.
Separated by footsteps and a few moments
of thought.
A school of fish that know full well
we have the rest of the ocean.
But this is our home.
Our Forest City.

Can go from grey metropolis
to green sanctuary
in less time than it takes me to realize
there are more important things in life.
More beauty I haven't yet seen.
I eventually learn to open my eyes.
My home is patient with me.
We know we both have growing up to do.
I love how clouds cushion the sunset
in this acquainted section of sky.
I'm grateful to this same patch of earth
for always holding me up.
I hope the familiar trees that hold me together
appreciate my attempts at poetry.
If you promise to continue listening,
I promise to keep reading.
Keep writing.
Keep loving.
My Forest City.

CAMILLE INTSON

\$15 cover

i find you like i find
richmond row moulding in my back left pocket:
saucy, left cheek to the wind

i think, while the wine is young,
we may dare break all we know of beat –
move instead to the untimely syncopation
of beer glasses breaking

we can go and tango with mud-cloaked park drunks
then you can spit me out like tobacco and
bury me
in the grass by the onion-eyed trash can man or

let's navigate our blocks like we should our throats
spitting sailor sworn whistle tunes
like omens on the sidewalk
blistering heat
venus fly trapped in webs of flesh and steel

time bleeds.

you smell rotten eggs spread eagle in the dumpster

still i say,
hold my hand! —
the sun's not yet risen.

BRITTANY RENAUD

London Places, London Moments

A singular, crumbled brown leaf
runs along
the concrete sidewalk of
the Platts Lane apartment complex,
sounding like approaching footsteps.

In an alley bringing
King and York together,
scrawls, tags, and a full on mural of a carnival
are the backgrounds to piss and syringes;
the ground more water-filled potholes than road.
Sometimes, these are completely hidden by snow.

A city bus,
bedecked and festooned
with Christmas lights accompanied by
'ole Tannenbaum,
slowly drives down Dundas.

Looking up through a wrought-iron "Victoria
Park," I see purple clouds, navy blue skies
and a single star.

A street performer sings "Hallelujah"
at Wellington and Dundas,
and the Canadian Medical Hall of Fame
illuminates itself
in rainbow colours.

There is a section
in Mount Pleasant,
not noticeable to people not looking,

where stuffed animals are laid
instead of flowers and
life is measured more often
in days or weeks
than years.

Trees keep out the hot air –
it is restful here.

dlmorrow

**Ode to a Tree
and Wordsworth's "little cottage girl"**

I sit
with Friday lunch
in my favourite garden chair
atop the leaf pile my daughter raked.
Sun naked, beaming now.
Sky clear as a bell.
This is the first season that trees are so active,
communicative
(In spring and summer, backyard trees slip by us
rather quietly. They're so quiet, in fact,
that we forget they might need
a drink of their own after a few parching days
in the sun without rain).

I have positioned myself
so that some leaf offerings from the maple
might fall onto me in wait.
I make a febrile attempt
to communicate my respect
to the tree telepathically?!

Then one leaf lands on my coat wrist.
I'm smiling.
I say I love you.
It lifts off and drops to the ground.
I eat. It is good.
All the while, leaves are falling,

singly and in tiny gusts,
around me and to the east of me.

Another leaf lands on my coat.
I say I love you too.
And on the top of my head.
I put the 3 leaves together on my lap, then
I make a collage with them in my left hand
(At this point, I am still feeling a bit unworthy
of the tree's presents).

I close my eyes to enjoy the sun.
I tilt my head up.
In my mind's eye, I see
the stem end of a leaf moving
from left to right in my field of vision,
the base aflame with red energy.
When it is gone, I open my eyes
and lift the ends of the leaf stems to my lips
to receive any energy they have left for me.
The phone has not rung.
I am glad for this uninterrupted repass.
It reminds me of how I thrive on the quiet.
I haven't heard much around me through all this
except intermittent leaf whispers and landings.

Now I hear gentle Greek music.
Someone has their car window open
at the corner stoplight.
I hadn't noticed the traffic or people at all
during my communion until now.

I make my move to go inside.

The leaves have started rustling more,
the wind has started gusting forth
which surprises me because
it's getting warmer outside.

By the time I enter the kitchen and return
to the backyard with water for the bird bath
the noon bells have started at the church.

Gahng Gahng Gahng
Gahng Gahng

I notice *Gahng* many more *Gahng* leaves *Gahng*
 falling *Gahng* than *Gahng* had *Gahng*
 fallen *Gahng*

while I was sitting
in their range.

Then a cascade of notes.

I see in my mind dozens of people
in random groupings
exiting the darkened interior
and billowing out into the light.

I stand at the screen door
and listen,
eyes closed again,
to hear every note.

Perhaps the forest is so special
because we know no one
removes the fallen leaves.
They are just left to return
to the soil
they came from.

Amen.

DAVID WHITE

Morning After Rain, Beyond Chelsea St.

for Tom Cull

Just after the rise of land,
past the last bend of the Oxbow,
I turn off Springbank at Kensal Rental
across from what was once a Baptist Church,
but now an expensive restaurant
where I tried the venison last year,
drive down Chelsea St., houses built after WWII
accommodating the babies of the Boom,
but here and there older dwellings,
once the homes of farmers
who tilled the soil devoted now to lawns.

Driving past Donna St., north of Malcolm
but not as far as Pinewood or the Woodland Cemetery,
an enclave of deer where the last three generations
of my ancestors are buried,
I park in the lot by the baseball diamond/soccer field
above Greenway Pollution Control Centre
which a sign informs is expanding.
I used to play here as a child with my Wolf Cub pack,
went door to door along these streets on Apple Day.

They used to call this South West Optimist Park
but now the simple marker
reads Kensal Park which is also the name
of the public school I went to as a child.
Now French Immersion is taught there.

My parents would remember
summer Saturday afternoons,
driving down to picnic in Springbank Park
when they were still in high school,
stopping in Kensal Park for gas,
or a foot-long hotdog at Eastwoods
where my father and I would later go to test bulbs
for the TV set when it wasn't working
(torn down in 1967, replaced by the Shanghai
which itself now is looking a little worse for wear).

It rained all through the night (much needed)
and into the morning, but even now as I walk through
the well-mown, chalk-lined grass of the playing field,
my Birkenstocks are dry;
sun breaking through, a glimpse of blue sky.

I'm looking for a sign somewhere on this field
I've known all my life,
something to tell me what once was here
that I learned about only last night,
in my sixty-second year,
a historical plaque, perhaps;
first discovered in the 1920s,
but there is nothing,
nothing to tell me that in this place of my childhood
there was once, in 1400, an *Attawandaron* village,

pre-contact

– re-discovered in 1988
after an environmental assessment
for a PUC gas pipeline.

The site's named after the Norton family
who farmed the land since the 1800s,
sold off and turned into a subdivision,
conforming to the 1950s,
in those days of black and white.

Chonnonton, keepers of the deer,
as they called themselves,
evidence of nine longhouses surrounded by palisades,
a sweat lodge, hearths, storage pits, a midden,
potshards and clay pipes,
deer antlers, carbonized corn kernels,
bits of flint arrow heads.

In childhood, digging in the dirt of the garden,
I always hoped I'd come upon an arrow head,
used by someone just passing through.
I didn't know that, almost in my own backyard,
they had lived here for several pre-Columbian
centuries.

DOROTHY NIELSEN

Decade

i

Friend, lie still in your grey nest.
No one can blaze forever.
We consume ourselves
then make our depressions
in the colour of rest – soft ashes
underneath our shadowless death-
like sleep, until we wake to rise,
take flight again.

ii

For you there's something else besides –
there's broken glass
that shatters sleep.
There are variations on a theme:
voices pleading, raging nights –
“Swear, swear on these bottles
that you'll stop forever.”

And you heard her swear
so you've known for forty years
how spirits can waylay our best intentions,
and even words of desperate love
get torn up on sharp edges.

iii

For me he is spirit now and ashes in a chest.
My mother left him here in Ontario
when she went west, bequeathed
first to a sister.
But he wouldn't be still.
She woke to noises from the closet.
So she brought him here
then called the cemetery
where we'll lay him at last to rest
when the ground thaws out a bit.

iv

When I was five I looked up six feet to him,
raised my arms and he flew me up.
Later, I sewed myself paper wings
trying to be a worthy daughter
to this man high on mind and spirits.
The air around him was so thin.
It seared my lungs, melted down my wings,
and I was grounded.

v

His ashes in the white field
that will lie fallow
fed with bones, skin, stones, and him.

vi

New Year's morning, 2005.
Less than a week ago
the planets realigned, 200,000 dead.
Yet at 8 a.m. four jet streams cross the sky
over my bed in London, Ontario, going west
and finally I dream.
How relentlessly high we're bent on flying.

vii

As that old year died,
I dreamed of oil burning up Baghdad
then consuming the entire planet.

I saw a mountain cave north of Peking,
a root cellar in Istanbul,
a hollow outside Whitehorse,
the ashen faces of the few
who outlive our fires.

I saw in a millennium or two
a dogsled make its way
to what was London, Ontario.

I saw a thaw, a farmer
drag a plough through a field
of what was once bone, skin, stone, and ashes,
rich earth fed with the spirits
of unknown ancestors.

In what was once called May
a shoot rises;
sweet leaves into the mouths
of a new race.

viii

Is it in our nature
to be civilized?
Sew ourselves wings
and rise and rise
until the sun burns us
and we fall back into the nest?

This one night before you leave the north
back to Sydney for good
I toast the New Year in with you,
having dreamed my way out of depression.
I raise my glass: "I give the planet fifty years."
You raise your bottle: "I give us all a decade."

We both carry embers
for sisters who died young
and parents who washed their loss in spirits
that fire up their imaginations of the end.

We both hope for their spirits
to rise above all grief forever,
yet we agree that, hard as the ground is, now
is the only moment for us to be.

WAYNE RAY

Spring Flowers

(for Leanne)

On her journey to the gym
she dropped off some apples
at her father's apartment that
he would add to a composter.
She was cleaning out her fridge
where blue beards grew rampant
and bruises were not her own,
wine fermenting in old fruit cans
overseen by Mr. & Mrs. Botulism,
now mixed with leaves and dirt,
coffee grinds, worms, and egg shells.

Is there a lesson here?
Gardening, composting, cleanliness?
Or, a middle-aged daughter just
thinking of her over-middle-aged father
helping to nurture the nature,
familiarizing the fondness of family,
loving the longevity of living,
daughtering the doddering?

On her journey to the gym
she dropped off some apples,
locked the empty apartment door,
smiled. And thought of spring flowers.

PEGGY ROFFEY

And that was the day: cross currents everywhichway

In their on-again-off-again turbulent coupling,
El Niño cedes to La Niña, peters out,
puts his feet up somewhere behind the equator,
snaps open the newspaper and dozes off,
leaves weather to her.

But they're mere avatars, that pair,
of sweeping trade winds
blowing today as they once blew
ancient Polynesians, pirates, conquistadors
around the globe.

Game-changers, these winds –
but even they are simply traces
of some magnetic squabble and dance
in the marriage of earth and sun.

Witnesses, puny and powerless –
we in this little London town –
of world's great cosmic spats and tussles
caught like everyone else as that grand mating
plays out its celestial repertoire of domestic discord:

A warm June day –
blue sky graces the noon,
luscious peony-perfumed breezes
riffle new leaves, run light-footed over lush grass
and all you want to do is stretch out in the shine.

Such a day gets roughed up at four
by gathering bully clouds;
wild rains pound, soak, vaunt their fullness,
spill over eaves, make rivers in gutters,
beat our peonies to the ground 'til ...

Sun reasserts herself,
shines the torrent out, turns it luminous,
subdues it for a time before ...
clouds regather, rains return
and again sun braves them —

Sky contending so,
right past dinner and dishes.

Now, sun sleepy, clouds tamed —
silver whiffs against the fading blue —
evening falls on clean streets, sated grass;
birds in the quiet, fresh-scoured air
sing out, call clear, put the day to rest
'til they too subside and cede
to Old South frogs who trill us through the night.

STAN BURFIELD

**I am standing on a crate
reading Lawrence Ferlinghetti**

I am here now.

This is no longer an alternate future,
or someone else's.

I am stretched up tight on this crate
looking down at these slow-moving bodies,
my spine hard against the stone edge
of Starbucks window wall,
buffeted by wind and buses
that bellow around this cold corner –
this dark Richmond and Dundas
where I would not be.

Yet I am only two barefoot beatnik blocks down
from *City Lights Bookshop*,
nicely named for Ferlinghetti's own,
in 'Frisco way back then.

And now up on the crate I too
am wearing that F-beard in which he preached
to his beat colleagues passion for all these dead poor,
these no fame/no friends,
these leaning here into the slow tide of the block
drifting through time's pool,
out of jail for a while,
getting by as if free,
maybe trying to like each other or one or some.

I am calm standing on this crate,
wearing this body here now
like someone else's or no one's –

and anyway no one looks at me;
my eyes are always in the book,
my ears on my sonorous voice,
and elsewhere with Ferlinghetti,
enticing his empathetic, liberal poet friends:

"Let's go,
come on
let's go,
empty out our pockets
and disappear,
missing all our appointments ..."

No one hears.
And these, with no appointments to miss,
don't care. His friends aren't here.

Even so, we few crate poets,
yes we have left our safe homes,
our cars in the overnight lots,
our cell phones in our pockets,
and like Ferlinghetti, we do our hour
up on our soap boxes,
dropping loud words
down into the block.

FRANK BELTRANO

Car Wars

We are at war
coming out of the underground
parking lot
at the Covent Garden Market
he to the right of me
we are both
troop carriers needing to go left
a confluence of 3 o'clock convoys
I edge forward
to the front
then he
then me
then suddenly –

I decide to surrender
or maybe it is a strategy
follow the foe out
into the fray
and choose my battles.

But as he gets
ahead of me
I see
“Support the Troops”
yellow ribbon
“Highway of Heroes”
bumper sticker

“Out of work yet?
Keep buying foreign”
decal
cut away bumper
to facilitate the ramp
for his wheel-chair-transporting
assault vehicle.
I understand
his love of war.

There is an end to conflict.
I am at one with the traffic.
Few days have a name
more wonderful than Armistice.

GREGORY WM. GUNN

The Following

And in relentless intricacies
of destiny & atmosphere,
the wind unwinds and toward
us turns its attention.

On the Sabbath, I
walk the unpretentious
rain-drenched roads
of holly-green & russet of
the patchy golden metropolis
to find a pew position
in the venerable church
near the intersection.

Joined with the flock
in an oblation congregation,
I concentrate on
the ivory-white collars
wrapped around the necks
of good Samaritans.

We all genuflect in
abstractness
of veneration, breathe
the sandalwood
fuming incensories.

And I, drifting, am lost
in the tranquil glimmer
of the mottled marble,
glissade into a daydreamer's
alternate continuum.

CARRIE LEE CONNEL

It's a Simpsons' Sky

When I say it's a Simpsons' sky,
you know exactly what I mean.

Waiting for the LTC, I stand
in the shade of a hydro pole,
the sun dissected,
trying to peek from either side.
Why can we never see
the clouds skitter?

You would think the buffeting
wind at earth level would
send the clouds scattering
but they just hang;

no destination except east,
perhaps doubling back
to check out the bikini-clad
chick in her backyard,

resuming when pushed along
by those next in line
who also want to see.

R L RAYMOND

Hoping for spring

His ankles hurt
muck-caked
heavy with brown grit

he picks between stones
sifts through old silt –
rehearsing

upstream
behind the giant's useless teeth
rot the dead fish and dead fowl

he drags along
tripping on bone-white fossils
the *before-things* he almost remembers

if only the giant could laugh
or scream ...

his ankles hurt
he pushes on
rehearsing

maybe –
his riddle will be good enough ...
the old words will be good enough ...

the giant will laugh
or scream ...

and the floodgates will open
and they will be saved
and he will carve the riddle
in prominence
on the giant's face

PENN KEMP

The Hart of London

Late this dappled day, I spot a stray
young yearling browsing for millet
beneath our bird feeder. What? We
live on a closed-off street between
highways. She arrives as straggler

separated from family and settles
down under the tangle of rosebush
for an hour. Then, startled by next
door's lawn mower, she lopes across

our driveway to nest below the cedars,
appearing/reappearing tawny through
yellow leaves and disappearing when
my attention shifts inside the house.

Pure presence endures despite epithets:
antlered vermin, garden pest, tree girdler.
She's our reminder of totem, of clan. How
alone we are in the wide, wild world. How
we know sanctuary, when to hide and where.

ANDREAS GRIPP

The City

The city you say we hate
has grown on me now
and I feel no enmity with it.

And I walked today,
through the city you say we hate.
I stepped in snow
and slipped on ice
but I didn't really fall –
a railing there to rescue.

It was cold today, in the city
you say we hate,
and the homeless sat
on sewer grates
and felt the heat blow up.
I thought it ranked of methane
but there wasn't an explosion.

I was accosted,
in the city you say we hate,
by a man panning for coins.
No change, no change, me no English,
no change, I shook my head at first,
then turned and flung two quarters at him –
from the both of us,
though I knew you'd disavow.

A fire truck roared past me
in the city you say we hate.
Its sirens screamed like murder
but then that would have been the police
and there were none at all in sight.

A house must be aflame,
in the city you say we hate.
I hope right now it's vacant,
with a mother and child away,
shopping, or on a visit to a friend.

If it's you who've befriended,
tell them not to worry,
that there's a hydrant
on the corner where they live;
that all will be rebuilt
by kindly neighbours and their kin;
that they needn't feel embittered,
blame the gridlock, shunting trains.

Tell them, while you too
have time to love,
a little.

LINCOLN MCCARDLE

#LdnOnt >>HWY 401 Error: Not Found<<

Simcoe's site surveyed,
ambling aimlessly along the Thames
in the morning shadows of Eldon.
The forest pity: through neighbour and incoherence.
Attack to the river: forks over lives?

An overwhelming penchant for pessimism,
bleached by the summer sun
and muted by clatter and ripple.

Exhaust our core beliefs.
Herons silhouetted against cranes
as we prepare to give a dam.
Slow on rapid transit and at our most innovative
when finding new and pioneering ways to stand still.

Nary a squelch. A gurgle. Stagnation.

A bridge too far he says and a memory lane
inexperiencing demolition by neglect.
No shift to our way of thinking;
a need to cheque ourselves
before we wreck ourselves.

Reign of disdain. Urbane in vain.
Struggle and regress.

Are leaders emerging and innovations working?
Considering the fair over the final destination.
Thinking boldly and further into the future
onto tomorrow's map.

CARRIE LEE CONNEL

Beacon

A beacon on the horizon
seen from small town four-corners –
an intersection of childhood and maturity.
The 401 a yellow-lined road
to the lighthouse of knowledge.
Bathed in cloud-reflected orange,
this treed city boasts a natural charm.
A stopover for some whose
roots are embedded elsewhere;
a full stop for others when home
was a culturally-deprived shanty town.
Richmond Row glitters
not quite so bright as Broadway,
and yes, the sparkle tarnishes
with passing years.

BRITTANY RENAUD

The Adelaide and Commissioners Crossroads

The frost followed
the shadow of
the guardrail at
the Adelaide and Commissioners crossroads.
Green grass exists still
in February.

I saw a brook today
I never noticed before
beyond that guardrail at the end of
the Adelaide and Commissioners crossroads,
flowing swiftly
in March.

A wall of grey
encapsulates and shrouds
anything beyond the train tracks
from view at
the Adelaide at Commissioners crossroads.
I see only faded phragmites and skinny poplars
in April.

No longer does the hill
fashioning itself a meadow
dress itself in merely brown or yellow
beyond that guardrail at the end of
the Adelaide and Commissioners crossroads

but also deep green and burgundy
in May.

The yellow and white fuzz balls
floating through the air
remind me to sneeze
as I look beyond the end of
the Adelaide and Commissioners crossroads.
I see yellow lights flashing through
bushes and shrubs so thick
I can't tell if it comes from
a backhoe or pickup.
A neon orange bulldozer stands by
west side up Commissioners, waiting
in June.

JAN FIGURSKI

**At Richmond and Dundas
(waiting at the bus stop)**

white and t-shirt
his swagger enough
bowl over garbage cans
hand in hand-cuffed
he, the declaration booming
from his thrust-out chest,
and she, the soon to be
little woman
crowding the jewelry shop window

DAVID HUEBERT

Grate: Queens and Richmond

Face a Christmas of marquee light,
you stood on transplant streets, watched
grated steam rising eerie, rising slow.

Followed that shudder-still tornado and
dreamt a secret city in the depths: engines
boring and you diving weightless, diving low

through granite chasms, through vapour
wastelands. You saw stalagmites weeping,
saw black tears oozing wearily below.

A child among the drilling minions
raised a hand—one finger, one thumb,
three stumps churning the underglow.

The child became a man, holding out
that hand for change and you went slack,
dreamsick, heard yourself muttering no.

You walked away thumbing change – what
change could sack a secret city, turn fingers
into lizard tails, help coral labyrinths grow?

Like stitches melting into wounds you saw
the bridges and the dams dissolve, watched
concrete wilt, rode the rivers' rage and flow.

D’VORAH ELIAS

Tuesday Morning Sky

This morning’s weather was somewhat bleak.
Snow fell softly as Yoshi mused me along the sidewalk
down to Richmond Street.
Above, the sky hung low,
pregnant with trillions of tiny ice crystals
then opened up and let them loose upon our heads.

There is no fighting in my town today.
I live far away from Donetsk, Ukraine.

I had a dream about you last night.
We made love to the sound of machine-gun fire
in the distance,
the whistle of falling rocket fire all around.
Your hands were steady
as they played up and down my back,
lighting fuses deep in my belly,
sending me perilously close to the
edge
of what
God only knows.

I am afraid to love you because
I am afraid you won’t love me in return.
Terribly insecure
and too shy to tell you.
I wrote it in a poem to give you instead.

CAMILLE INTSON

McManus

hey, there's a bulb out on top there and the light
keeps going on and off and on and off and on and
(not like i mind, you can't tell with the snow)

ANNOUNCEMENT —

NEXT SHOW: 7PM/\$15/!SUPPORT LOCAL ARTISTS!
tonight, i am a seductress and the heels do not fit
i curl my hair and kiss a handsome man
we swallow voices we can't foster
creationist thirst meets fruitless knowledge
Adam meets Eve, paradise falls,
street rats rise like omens
LTC's proposed a new route through my arteries
i get lost on public transit, or on side-streets off Dundas
but most often in body, in semicolonc silence
i'm putting on my fake eyelashes
and counting the chairs in the audience
7PM/\$15/A CLASSIC: REVISITED/
!COME SEE WHAT WE HERE CAN'T MAKE!
construction drills through morning
outside my bedroom loft
the man in the yellow hat beams in silent oration
as the leaves fall

i can be anyone, tomorrow
TIME FOR SHOW, mix wine to woe
and i will walk upon the snow
falling past the burnt out bulb, onto all the unknown
and the unknowing

MARTIN HAYTER

The Elderly Wait in Cherryhill Mall

Neither hills rise, nor do cherry trees grow,
but the name evokes youth and fruitfulness,
spring's pale pink and white flowering trees,
and securing a partner for a Sunday picnic.
Elsewhere now dwells the promise of green
that here only grows in mind, *in memorium*.

In the busy food court at small round tables,
they gather for hours, like petals of a flower
to be plucked eventually – chairs left vacant.
But for now they recount to each other their
fortunes in love and fortunes in life, moving
around the table littered with lottery tickets:
the daisies of “loves me” or “loves me not.”

The absent, whom no one picked, and those
already plucked from life – leaving partners
high in the withering solitudes of the concrete
towers that surround the Mall – don't scratch
at the grey patches on lottery tickets with the
edges of coins, keys, fingernails – don't wish
for the magic “three” of strawberries, apples,
cherries – they find their matches elsewhere.

WAYNE RAY

Hippie Trippie General Store

for Christina

I don't want to be alone.
With you around I'm not lonely.
Never lonesome in your presence.
Outside my Skinner Box apartment
life blooms from your store.
Small animals exist only to enter
at night for left out food,
trees and flowers are reflected
on the walls and front door,
owner's cheerful face and wide smile
blow away any thought of a
neighbourhood sadness or pallor.

For a brief moment or two, I
may be alone in the store, but
the music lifts one's spirits and
ticking of numerous clocks fill
the ears and the antique aire
of the overfilled spaces blast
the eyes awake, God's crazy glued
open eyelids, no aloneness here.

When, at the end of the long day,
footsteps fade, money is counted,
lights are turned off, smiles wane
and we gather our personal loneliness
to return to our own homes,

the cheerful owner, hers,
not to be lonely for we have your smile,
but to be, all of us, alone until
tomorrow when you will surely be
our best friend once again.

ANDREAS GRIPP

Hamilton Road

You are the street
that isn't straight,
a diagonal
difficult to drive,
our views of you
as slanted
as the way in which you carry,
cars that start and stop
so very often,
your humble homes
aligned
to keep the pace
with cracking pavement –

that part of town,
working-class,

the air of bread
pervading,
Italian, Portuguese,
pirouetting
with fish & chips.

Your four lanes
decree
you're a major
artery,

and yet you're robbed
of going west
by a sudden, simple bend –
Horton's name
the fame at Wellington –

while your coda
peters out
at Bathurst St.,
without warning,
without the lines of white and gold,
crooked to its close,

though eastward things are better,
you snake past river Thames,
abruptly losing the stigma
of *E.O.A.*,
the houses even grand
as you hijack
Commissioner's route,
taking credit for its path,
frolic off to Dorchester,
Ingersoll,
maybe mocking all the ones
who thought to Hamilton
you'd lead,
a farmer's field of corn
bearing the brunt
of endless cursing.

TOM CULL

The Granite into which It Reaches

We stop at the old Pumphouse,
look out over the river.

A snapping turtle sunbathes
on the ruins of the old dam,
which was once a new dam,
that replaced an old dam,
which was once a new dam,
that replaced an old dam.

The pumphouse pumped
drinking water from Coomb Springs
to Londoners before the Lake Huron
Pipeline replaced it in 1967. We cup
our hands, look through the gated
windows – nine metal reindeer
frozen in perpetual lift-off return
our gaze. Santa scowls somewhere
back in the shadows.

We walk on to Storybook Gardens;
two mink run hunchbacked
across the bike path, hop rock
to rock along the river's edge
then, like granulated brown sugar,
pour into the Earl-Grey river.
At the statue of Slippery the Seal,
we pet his concrete snout, lay our hands
on his flippers. He arrived at Storybook
in 1958 to find his habitat half-built –

that night, he slipped out, accordioned his way
across the grounds, past the three little bears,
past the mice in the hickory, dickory clock.
He found the river, waded into fresh water
tasting of phenol, cyanide, fecal coliform.
Setting his GPS for some unknown rookery
off the California coast, he headed west.

The next morning, loud speakers barked,
seal talk up and down the river, but Slippery
kept slipping, becoming surprise sighting,
becoming dog swimming, becoming
concerned call from Delaware fisherman,
inkblot, headline, \$200 reward.
He dove under bridges down the river,
his teeth cracking the backs of bass and trout,
and out to Lake St. Clair as far as Sandusky, Ohio,
on the banks of Lake Erie, finally bagged
nine days later by Toledo zookeepers as he dozed
in a boat house near Cedar Point. When Slippery
cleared customs, a thousand Canadians met him
at the border; fifty thousand Londoners
mobbed his homecoming parade.

In the winter of '67, Slippery caught a wicked cold
and died. Four men lowered his casket
into a shallow grave while old white men
with horn-rimmed glasses and fedoras looked on.

In 2012, the park closed down the seal exhibit,
rounded up Nunavut, Atlantis, Cri Cri, Peanut,
loaded them into an air-conditioned trailer

headed for the St. Louis Zoo.
Peanut and Atlantis died hours into the trip;
Cri Cri died the following Wednesday.

Our final stop is the new dam.
The massive hydraulic cylinders
look like industrial syringes, plungers pulled out,
ready to deliver their payload into the heart
of the watercourse. We arrive late;
the politician slotted to speak about his plan
to repurpose the dam into a footbridge
has given up on us and gone home.
We look below to the broken gates
that have remained open for almost a decade
since malfunctioning on their first attempt.
“Let the River Flow” is scrawled
in neon blue on the side of the abutment.

We stand on the dam, face west,
watch the ruined waters of the Antlered River bleed
downstream to Chippewa,
Oneida, Munsee-Delaware Nations.

We too are pulled by the current, the bones
in our toes elongate, fan out, dig into the
concrete like jackhammers. Our eyes bulge,
turn black, we clap our webbed hands, bark
hoarse benedictions to the water fleeing the city.
Overhead, a Great Blue Heron wallops
across the sky in the same direction,
beak pointed down, like a needle etching
a record of this day into the vinyl of a darkening night.

MARK TOVEY

The Gazebo

A rustic shelter with a tar paper roof,
designed to escape the summer heat,
a beacon of a former time
open to us neighbourhood kids – or at least to me.

Built of crisscrossed twigs
and friendly to grape leaves,
the seats, though hard and wooden,
perfectly accommodate the bottom.

Sunken into the ground
attracting the cool of earth,
a particular delight for children –
adults must stoop to get inside.

The beneficent figure
who owned it – perhaps had it built –
was in her 90s.
She grew asparagus – "asparagras," she called it.

Inside her house
was a grandfather clock
whose tick seemed more silent
than silence itself.

No photograph by which to remember her,
only a sample of her handwriting:
a note re-discovered years later,
a note I never answered.

I strain across time,
willing myself – my younger self –
to answer that note.
Perhaps these words are that answer.

KEVIN HESLOP

*The past is not prologue; like the discrete strata
of Schliemann's sites, it is a mere succession
of buried presents.*

— Clifford Geertz

If

this city is a Treaty, how many tongues,
How many lips, how many pairs of lungs
Have symbiotically obliged its reading?
How many persons, breath by breath conceding
Their calligraphy, have signed the living air?
How many in uncomprehending prayer –
If our city is a Treaty – haven't signed?
Maybe somebody thought, "They wouldn't mind,
Or couldn't think or speak, or wouldn't write."
And maybe in a way they'd have been right.
A river, for example, cannot hold
A pen; its simple work is growing old
While holding what it can: the lives of geese,
And little fish, frothy carcinogens,
And ancient breath, awaiting Release.

MARLENE LAPLANTE

Castles are Part of the Dream

It was just a castle built in a frontier town
Respected it stood there – pride of many around
Defending the law and for all that it stood
Admired by all and 'twas well that it should
It was majestic, impressive to the many that came
London's first courthouse at the Fork of the Thames
This building held many a colourful trial
Accused Donnelly killers were here for awhile
And many a hanging this courtyard did see
The likes of Brown, and Cornelius Burley
Who was the first – his hanging took two tries
His skull displayed throughout the land, attracted many eyes
And they hanged from Texas, Mr. Peg Leg Brown
He put a curse on his grave, his ghost still comes around
He swore that grass would never grow over his grave
His predictions were right 'cause now it's been paved
Phoebe Campbell was famous, first woman hanged they say
Postcards told the story to remember that day
There were others made famous for deeds they had done
But once convicted, they were hanged one by one
This courthouse brought many to its bench and its bar
And records of history recognize who they are
It has always been a place to protect and defend
The rights of the people found here within
Take a walk in your city to the Fork of the Thames
Stare up at the castle, feel the history it claims
It is a very old building; it has stories to tell
It is part of our past and the law it upheld
This courthouse replaced by one larger and new
But the foundation of a castle is the reason it grew
For sometimes our visions are more than they seem
And maybe this castle was part of a dream

FRANK BELTRANO

The Names of the Numbered Things

(for the anniversary of Eldon House)

In another life
I have stood
in rooms like these
facing things
that now are numbered
now are dated
things may be catalogued
whose pasts are calculated:
long box clocks
four poster beds
porcelain dolls
tin toys
a travelling tub
Delft tiles
silver cutlery
Victorian chinoiserie
tea pots and kettles
tusks and antlers
pitchers and bowls
none of these are novel
to me now

I have come for a visit
I have come
with a pocket full
of poetry

or at least these paltry
three lines:

- 1) I am in love with the interpreter
- 2) her young body wrapped in calico and lace
- 3) is a time machine

I mean her no disgrace
it is people
that make these numbered
things survive
it is people
that make them
more than names
come alive

GREGORY WM. GUNN

At the Café

Sophisticated patterned
porcelain
fills the ambience.

Stems of spoons tap sides
of bowls & rims of mugs
reach over to bistro tables.

A society of dinnerware,
steam auras rising
throughout the air

ensuring & assuring
again the diversified
mannered hands
encompassing them.

They all call
for avian pittances
that won't take flight.

Temperate tea & coffee,
Bear claws & biscuits,

a palpable bell, a tiny
terrestrial land
of milk & honey.

PENN KEMP

Celebrating Tree in Souwesto

Mother trees surround us, the very
few left over from original forest we
long paved over, old rotten stumps
that settlers burnt to clear their land.

Here's to the trees that celebrate soul!
We celebrate their spectacular presence.
Here's to Sugar Maple and Chanticleer
Pear, turning burnt orange in Fall.
And the Hickory I climbed as a girl
on Medway Farm, lying astride
one long branch intertwined by
all those saplings vying for light.
The three Birch in our front lawn,
planted when we moved here some
sixty-five years ago, growing old along-
side, dropping our fireplace kindling.
The Oak above Pond Mills hidden
on a hillside of younger upstarts.
The Beech behind Attawandaron
where October puffball might pop.

The Black Spruce and Tamarack
that whisk us into clearer northern
air as we walk through Sifton Bog
like winds that wind along each limb.

Trees we have known are trees we
can meet by species. Once connected,
always familiar, old friends to greet
on any city street or in deep woods

if we can slow down long enough to
salute the Tree of Life in each. Light
candelabra of Catalpa, Horse Chestnut,
Pine, Balsam Fir, Juniper or Cedar cone.

Sing a litany of names that belong here.
Alder, Balm of Gilead, Willow galore.
Glorious Maple, Butternut, sad slips of
Elm, even intrusive Buckthorn now.

Celebrate those graceful interlopers,
the Carolinians (Redbud, Tulip Tree,
magnificent Magnolia) sheltering here
at comfort's edge in Snowbelt country.

Here's to lacey Walnut, Honey Locust,
whose canopies carry us off to African
plains: Acacia giraffes might browse
or Le Douanier paint above his lion.

Sycamore is our memory tree, shedding
its bark like arbutus, its winter silhouette
a ghostly skeleton, reminiscent of that
other London's Plane-shaded streets.

Trees know their season, their reason for being. How each tree reaches out to become World Tree. We have so much to learn from not living on but with our place.

We who live in this Forest City must ensure a name never replaces the reality of canopy. Long may our trees flourish for we can only prosper with our elder brothers, our mothers.

ANDREAS GRIPP

Lesbian of the Thames

Why do they abhor you,
for finding the tender feeling
of sameness?

Why would you want the other:
the drunkard, the dullard,
the angry clenched-fisted,
the ugly-to-look-at-nude?

There are places of touch
in a woman,
a velvet of skin and of voice,
that are unattainable in man
(and that suits you just fine).

Consider how you are
in making love:
it's yourself that you caress,
it's a mirror that's above you,
her name a thing of beauty,
not like *Bob, Fred, Hector*,
and the other slovenly louts
who would *only* seek
to own you.

I see you there,
by the Thames,

between the willows
and Pentecostals
passing tracts that burn
with fire,

holding her hand
along the curves
of your breasts
and hips,
winding in a way
that only a river
and a woman possibly can,

a fruit
no tree of knowledge
can ever take from you
again.

WAYNE RAY

There's A Poem Here

for Catherine Inculet 1957-2015

There's a poem here.
Catherine, it's been forty-five days
since I last saw your face.
I've been busy on your behalf;
the Will, the theatrics, the Wake,
so I haven't had time to grieve.

I recently read your poems,
your rants and raves and blogs,
seen your photos, the hoarding, plays.
I said to myself yesterday,
there's a poem here.

Today I read with wonder
your public school notebooks, and
your smile, you know the one
on all the photos taken
at your short-lived wedding,
shone from every handwritten page.

So much life ahead of you.
So much innocent childhood joy.
I could see your future paths expand
before me on each and every page;
daughter, humanitarian, lawyer, lover, thespian.
There is a book here, after I grieve.

BRITTANY RENAUD

Western Fair Moments

The smell of fresh bread baked
under heat lamps
carries a hint of salt,
recalling to me childhood beachside adventures –
except I bite in and it's cold.

Three deep fried, red velvet Oreos,
and a burger wrapped in bacon
make my supper.

My friend hands me
a large chunk of her cotton candy
nonchalantly.
It melts in my mouth
and then everything becomes sticky.

I receive a small orange-red monkey
with lopsided eyes,
won in a calculated water gun battle,
accompanied by a soft blue star.
The monkey is named Mikey,
after the victor.

Doll faces cut away from their bodies,
merge to create a hat
covered in eyes that follow, this gelatinous blob
at an art exhibition.
No ribbon.

I'm on a ski lift-like ride with my boyfriend.
We were told beforehand
that cell phones are forbidden
because last year
someone dropped one
on the head of a four year old girl.

Riding *Extreme* at a speed
that causes the world to be snapshots,
loose under restraints,
falling up as the pendulum swings down.

I'm sitting on a ride,
a young girl I don't know faces me
while the ride swings up and down,
up and down
until it's upside down.
I feel something wet fall on me.
I see the young girl has been crying
and hope only tears landed on me.

I wait with two friends for *Mach 3*;
we are aged and jaded
in our twenties and thirties.
In front of us we see
teenagers constantly
hopping the barrier and line jumping
while one boy calls another a pussy
because he's afraid to ride.

I look around and see
prepubescent faces
surrounding me.
Am I too old to be here
as I hear Alyssa Reid
or a youth talent search
in my ear?
No.

I hear that a log flume
will be coming next year.

CARRIE LEE CONNEL

This London is not That London

Christopher Wren did not design our St. Paul's.
The Delta Armouries is a shade
smaller than Buckingham Palace.
City Hall pales in its '60s modernity
to the new space-age building
near the other Thames.
The castle on the hill
is an Ivory tower of cap and gown prestige,
the ruler paid a king's ransom.
The majesty of Windsor Castle, Kensington Palace,
and Hampton Court
is not mirrored by Windermere Manor,
Elsie Perrin Estate, or Silverwood Mansion.
Our Soho aspires to gentrification
while theirs is flamboyant in rainbows.
Kingsmill's has retired
but Harrods marches on.
Shopping on chic Richmond Row
is no comparison to vintage Carnaby Street:
Layman House evaporated long ago.
A quick walk around the block of Victoria Park
is a pallid substitute for a Sunday afternoon Regent's
stroll.
The London Zoo houses thousands of animals
yet Storybook Gardens let a seal slip by.
No bears named Via share
the limelight with Paddington.

Our haze of allergens,
trapped in the bowl of landscape,
is as blinding for some as their pea soup fog.
This Covent Garden still boasts
farm fresh vegetables and lov-er-ly flowers.
Our double-decker serves ice cream
to the hot and harried.
How strange for island Londoners
to happen upon social media events
only to be informed that
land-locked London is groovier by far.

RYAN GIBBS

Back to the River

I arrive at The Forks
along its divided trails
a stranger races past
running to his own rhythm
padded headphones tuning out
rushing water
and leaden traffic

lying down on fresh-cut grass
I envision
panoptic terraces
illuminated canopies
bustling piazzas
the new gateway to the Thames

but I come from the St. Clair
where the river
serves a natural boundary
between nations
and First Nations protest
petrochemical contamination
at Aamjiwnaang

I have also visited Nyhavn
where enchanted waters
inspired Andersen's fairy tales
and foreigners come to share
in a common childhood

often I dream of Copenhagen
to escape
the warm quietus of Sarnia
the cold vibrancy of London

the Danes understood
to build a city
you must first build a river

HOLLY PAINTER

My City

I want to write an apology letter to the world.
A carefully crafted confessional note
saying that though I am aware
there are beautiful cities blanketing the globe,
there is one city,
unequivocally,
that is meant to be my home.

So send an *I'm sorry* to New York,
pen my apologies to Paris,
for my love affair is permanent
and cannot be undone.
My heart belongs
completely,
compassionately,
to London.

Chalk my devotion up to more than
where my family tree has grown its roots,
for the truth to finding home
is not always where you have come from
but where you want to go,
and I know here I can take flight
without ever leaving the ground,
for this town has todays full of opportunities
and possibilities seeping from its tomorrows.

It is true not every day or decision
is going to be perfect,
but there are those with visions
that can change this place
and those people
can be us.

We can be this city's skyscrapers,
collecting stardust under our fingernails
and sunlight stains on our palms,
reaching for the ceiling of impossible,
bursting through the rooftops of inconceivable
and the attics of unreasonable,
then shining like the very stars
we have scratched at
because it doesn't matter
that we are only a few amongst a crowd,
we can make this place
incredible for those around us.

We can create a town
that sounds like a symphony
and looks like a masterpiece,
half the battle
is just in the belief
that such a thing is possible.

So see every streetlight as a spotlight,
every sidewalk as a stage,
every brick wall as a canvas,

and every challenge as a chance to play
the part of an artist,
sculpting this city into something amazing
one block at a time.

We may not be able to change the whole world
but we can change the worlds of some within it,
so join me in saying I'm not so sorry after all.

I'm here to shape my city
and honestly,
the sky's the limit.

CONTRIBUTORS

Frank Beltrano is an active member of the London poetry community. He regularly attends readings in the *Poetry London* series and often reads at the Open Mic at Mykonos restaurant. He also co-facilitates a writing workshop called *the Writers' Eye View*, encouraging adults to write poems and prose regularly. For the past four years he has lead a week-long poetry writing retreat to Bayfield. This year the group went all the way to Rimouski, Quebec, to be by the sea and write poetry.

Stan Burfield is the founder and organizer of *London Open Mic Poetry*, a monthly reading series hosted by Mykonos Restaurant. He lives in London with his wife, Linda.

Carrie Lee Connel is a writer of fiction and the author of two books of poetry, the latest being *Persona Grata*, published in 2016 by Harmonia Press. She lives in London with her husband and two cats, Mila and Mabel.

Tom Cull teaches American Studies and Creative Writing at Western University. He has served as a board member for *WordsFest*, London's literary arts festival, as well as the *Urban League* and *Back to the River*, a monthly riverbank cleanup of the Thames River. He's been a committee member and workshop facilitator for *Poetry London* and was named Poet Laureate for the City of London in 2016. He lives in London with his partner, Miriam, and their six-year-old son.

D'vorah Elias is a Jewish writer, poet, and playwright. She is the author of a memoir, *Communion at One O'clock*, as well as a recent book of poetry, *Ani*. She lives in London with her dog, Yoshi.

Jan Figurski is a London poet, the author of several chapbooks, and can often be found gallivanting across the globe.

Ryan Gibbs lives in London and is pursuing a Ph.D. at Western University. He is an English professor at Lambton College in nearby Sarnia. His poetry has appeared in the anthologies *Under the Mulberry Tree: Poems for & about Raymond Souster* and *Whisky Sour City: Poems from the South Shore*.

Andreas Gripp has released 21 books of poetry as well a number of chapbooks through Harmonia Press. His latest collection is *Selected Poems 2000-2016*. He works in a used bookstore and lives in London with his wife, Carrie, and their two cats.

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David Huebert is the author of the poetry collection *We Are No Longer The Smart Kids In Class*. His poetry has appeared in journals such as *Event*, *CV2*, *Matrix*, and *The Antigonish Review*. Recent poetry is forthcoming in *Grain* and *Prairie Fire*. David's story, "Enigma," won the 2016 CBC Short Story Prize.

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Penn Kemp was London's inaugural Poet Laureate from 2010-2012. As Writer-in-Residence for Western University (2009-2010), her project was the DVD, *Luminous Entrance: a Sound Opera for Climate Change Action* (Pendas Productions). Forthcoming is a new collection of poetry from Quattro Books, *Barbaric Cultural Practice*, as well as a play, *The Triumph of Teresa Harris* (Palace Theatre, March 2017).

Marlene Laplante has been writing poetry for the past ten years, and is a regular reader at *London Open Mic Poetry Night*.

Alan Leangvan began writing poetry for a talent show in 7th grade, which he won. Since then, he has become heavily involved in London's spoken word scene, representing the city at national slam competitions in Vancouver and Winnipeg in 2016.

Lincoln McCardle is a father, husband, interpretive dancer, and self-described Canucklehead. He is somewhat of a local celebrity on Twitter.

dlmorrow began writing as a teen. She was first published as a poet in 1978 in the *University of Toronto Review*. Since that time, her poetry and prose (as Diane Lynn Morrow) has appeared in *Scarborough Fair VI*, *Rampike*, *Island Skies*, *Recovery's Reckoning* and a chapbook of her poetry entitled *Eighteen Poems-Plus-One*, co-published in 2004 by the London chapter of the Canadian Poetry Association and HMS Press.

Dorothy Nielsen was born in Indiana, grew up in Windsor, and is presently a professor of literature and writing at King's University College. Her first book of poetry, *The Persephone Papers*, was published by Harmonia Press in 2013. She lives in London with her husband and their son.

Holly Painter is a spoken word artist, public speaker, and certified teacher who has spoken to over thirty thousand youth at school and community events and performed on stages across the country. Holly is an Artist in Residence with the Thames Valley District School Board, a three-time Grand Slam Champion and Director of the London Poetry Slam, the National Director of Spoken Word Canada, and testament to the fact that your biggest fear can become your greatest passion. Her website can be found at hollypainterpoetry.com

Wayne Ray was born in Alabama and spent most of his early years in Newfoundland until moving to Woodstock, Ontario in 1965. Wayne is the founder of HMS Press and co-founder of the Canadian Poetry Association. He helped establish the London Arts Council and was the President of the London New Arts Festival in 1999. Wayne is the author of 18 books and chapbooks of poetry, fiction and non-fiction.

R L Raymond tells stories. He is the author of 4 books of poetry including *Half Myths & Quarter Legends* (Epic Rites Press). He is the founder of PigeonBike Press and his work has appeared in a variety of literary journals including *Existere*, *Descant*, *Grain*, *Carousel*, and *The Prairie Journal*. His website can be found at www.RLRaymond.ca

Brittany Renaud has been an active member of both the London Open Mic Poetry Series as well as a regular participant of the London Poetry Slam. She grew up in Chatham and is presently studying creative writing at Western University. Her dog is a boxer named "Rocky."

Peggy Roffey recently retired from her roles as Assistant Professor at Western University's English Department as well as Director of Learning and Development. Peggy's Master's Thesis was entitled *Colleen Thibaudeau's Big Sea Vision*. She is presently the Parish Life Coordinator and a Sunday School Teacher at St. James Westminster Anglican Church in Wortley Village.

Mark Tovey received his Ph.D. in Cognitive Science at Carleton University. His interests include the theatre history of London, Ontario. He co-founded GarrisonTheatricals.com, which offers opportunities to appreciate London's theatrical past. With the support of the *London Heritage Council*, Garrison Theatricals staged a play at the *Fanshawe Pioneer Village*, as it might have been performed by the Officers of the London Garrison in 1842.

David White is a Professor of Theatre History and Writing at Fanshawe College. His collection of poems, *The Lark Ascending*, will be published by Pedlar Press in March 2017.

NOTES & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

An earlier version of *The Hart of London* by Penn Kemp was published in *Windsor Review: Special Alice Munro Issue*, Fall 2014. An earlier version of *Celebrating Tree in Souwesto* by Penn Kemp was published online at www.reforestlondon.ca

And that was the day: cross currents everywhichway by Peggy Roffey was written to mark the day June 6, 2016.

dlmorrow's *Ode to a Tree* and Wordsworth's "little cottage girl" contains an unintentional parallel between lines 32 and 48 of Wordsworth's 1798 poem, "We are Seven" (*The Complete Poetical Works of Wordsworth*, Cambridge Edition, 1932, p. 73) and the opening scene of this poem, hence its title.

The Names of the Numbered Things by Frank Beltrano was originally published in *Possessions: The Eldon House Poems*, edited by Christine Walde and Cornelia Hoogland and published jointly by Museum London and Poetry London.

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It's a Simpsons' Sky, *Beacon*, and *This London is not That London* are also published in *Persona Grata*, by Carrie Lee Connel (Harmonia Press, 2016).

Hamilton Road was originally published in *Holy Rollers*, by Andreas Gripp (Harmonia Press, 2015). *Lesbian of the Thames* is also published in *Selected Poems 2000-2016*, by Andreas Gripp (Harmonia Press 2016).

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